

5-6

Men Who Enjoy Being Women

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Fetish Ball Pics

Become
Your
Woman
Inside!



Illusions

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Pride Centre of Edmonton
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Dear Reader.....

The adage, "Better Late Than Never", certainly does have meaning for this issue! We have just completed a very successful event called "The Bizarre Ball" (a visual taste is supplied in the centerfold), because of the extended work load created by this adventure we are just a touch behind. Enough said about the past, we need to start concerning ourselves about the future, in particular the soon to be upon us "Illusions SIXTH Birthday"! It is never too soon to start considering your platform, (not shoes), and your performance you'll thrill us with your quest to become the Empress of the good ship "Illusions". The next Empress will have "TALL" shoes to fill and with the expansion of her role by each previous Empress, the next "Royalty" group will have to be committed to spending time involved with the "Club". The positions of "Royalty" have progressed beyond the just a "Pretty Face" role. I'd like to thank all the "Girls" who have been helpers around the "Club" for without your assistance our lives would be too busy even for us! You know who you are and we, like most people don't say "THANK_YOU" enough, so..... THANKS GIRLS & BOYS!!!!!!

In Pigtails and Petticoats,

Love..... Barbie & Christine

Illusions Calendar

CALGARY

Mar 16 Novice Night
Mar 28 Wig Styling by Jami
April 13 Photo ID and Photo Night
April 25 Lingerie Fashion Show
May 18 Dignitary Night
May 30 Taking A Breather(nothing planned)
June 15 "ILLUSIONS 6th BIRTHDAY"

EDMONTON

Mar 14 Regular Social
Mar 23 Regular Social
April 11 Regular Social
April 20 Regular Social
May 9 Regular Social
May 18 Regular Social

For Illusions Edmonton information call either 486-9661 or 488-3234 leave a message for Roxanne or Rachel

Gay Lines
(403) 234-8973

RED DEER

Socials: Every Last Saturday of the Month at "The Other Place Bar". The address is Bay 3 & 4 5579-47St. Red Deer, Alberta. Call (403) 342-6440 for details.

REMEMBER:

Attendance to Illusions Calgary and Edmonton functions require that you be a member or invited guest, of either Illusions or an Illusions member. For location information, or other details about who we are call:
(403) 236-7072 Calgary
(403) 486-9661 Edmonton

EDITORS: BARBIE,
CHRISTINE AND LISA



"You say that my husband's sex-change surgery went well, but that his body appears to be rejecting the clitoris? Well, I should certainly hope so!"

NATIONAL LAMPOON

More of these
truly twisted
cartoons on page 11

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BALL

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Throne Speech

By Empress V Teri

Everyone likes neat categories. We like to be able to label people as men or women, black or white, francophone or anglophone, gay or straight. Crossdressers often deplore this societal tendency, yet it seems to me we often tend to do the same thing to ourselves.

For example, although we generally deplore society's tendency to label any man who dresses, acts, or thinks in any way like a woman as gay, I think we have often subconsciously internalized this type of thinking. We look for subtle signs in others (or ourselves) and wonder whether so-and-so "is really gay but just won't admit it to him/herself". Or we try to deny or suppress certain feelings or thoughts that we have for fear that others--or even we ourselves--will assign us to a category we don't feel we belong to.

I have certainly come to recognize the latter type of thinking in myself. As I have gradually come to appreciate the negative effects it can have, I have struggled with it, but not yet overcome it. It's a long and difficult process.

At a superficial level I think I've made progress. My family was never very emotionally demonstrative, and my childhood experiences made me even less so. To most people who didn't know me well, I came across as almost wooden in my lack of emotional expressiveness. I could see this in people's reaction to my appearance on a game show a few years back: my forced enthusiasm was so transparently fake as to be comical. Over time, though, I've managed to loosen up a bit. When I meet or part with my gay friends

I no longer feel reticent about exchanging a hug or kiss. It's just part of a different subculture, like learning to bow when you meet someone in Japan.

Coming to grips with my deeper thoughts has been more difficult, though. It's hard not to want to assign oneself to a neat category, even if none of those available seems to fit.

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When pressed, I've usually labelled myself as straight, since that is the only kind of experience I've ever had, or asexual, since my last partner was about ten years ago. But much of what I think and feel doesn't "fit" the parameters of either category very well. The problem with our existing categories is they require too much internal consistency--and that's something I don't have much of.

When I fantasize, it's always about playing an idealized woman's part, being seductive and desirable, being "taken". I often think it would be neat to have a male friend as a dinner-and-

movie escort, to "play house" with, to dance with (assuming he had steel-toed shoes!) or to do lip-sync duets with. Yet I feel no sexual attraction to men when I meet them in real life--even men who are friends and have expressed interest. This isn't because they don't measure up to a fantasy standard, though--it doesn't even occur to me to think about what my "fantasy partner" would be like.

If another person of either sex catches my eye, it's almost always because they have some characteristics I wish I had. If it's a woman, it's obvious enough what those would be. If it's a guy, that means some androgynous trait that would make cross-dressing easier--no hair on the body and lots on the head, fine features, a light beard, or a high voice.

So what does that make me? Not straight, gay or bi by most people's definitions. A self-centred narcissist? Possibly. But the best answer I can think of is: it makes me Teri. I may not fit into any neat category--but why should I? My life wasn't created for the convenience of someone's classification scheme.

If you are like me--not necessarily in the specifics, but in the sense of not fitting easily into a neat category--don't torture yourself trying to make a square peg fit into a round hole. Once you take the liberating step of coming out of the closet, don't try to climb back into a pigeonhole. Pigeonholes are for the birds. Take one step at a time, explore, be who you are, and if others--or you yourself--find that confusing, well, that's life!



**Gay Lines
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Now that you have read about us...

GET TO KNOW US!

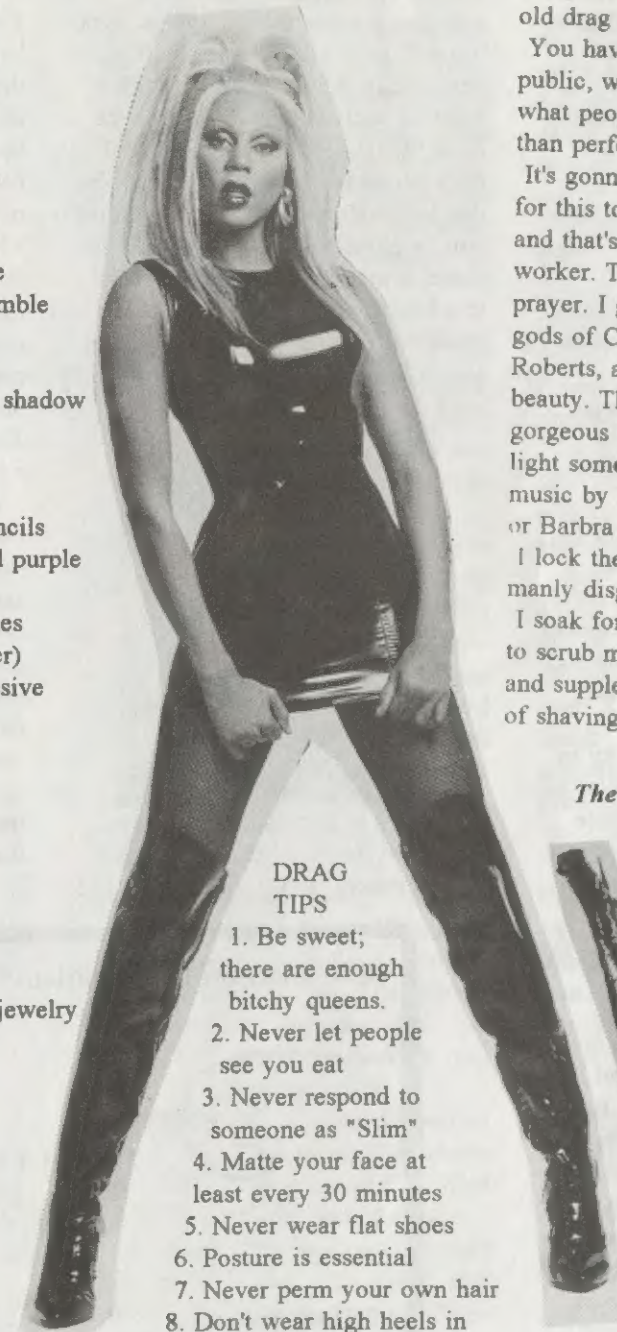
Illusions ladies want to meet you, write us today!
Details at the beginning of this registry

Letting it All Hang Out RuPaul

Things you Need to be a Drag Queen

1. Flawless, fierce attitude
2. Disposable razors
3. Shaving gel
4. Body Lotion
5. Full coverage pancake makeup in light, medium and dark
6. Translucent loose powder, plus a compact for your purse
7. Makeup sponges that don't crumble
8. Powder puff pads
9. Mango blush
10. Brown, black and vanilla eye shadow
11. Black mascara
12. Eyelash curler
13. Black false eyelashes
14. Black and brown eyebrow pencils
15. Lipsticks: red, blackberry, and purple
16. Tweezers
17. Makeup applicators and brushes
18. Black cake eyeliner (add water)
19. Dark-toned false eyelash adhesive
20. Lip liner brush
21. Tucking panties
22. Panty hose
23. Corset
24. Push-up bra
25. Breasts
26. High-heeled shoes
27. Hotpants, mini-dress
28. Gloves
29. Clip-on earrings and assorted jewelry
30. Press-on nails
31. Wigs
32. Perfume
33. Cocktail purse
34. A lot of time to get dressed
35. Positive love energy

These excerpts were taken from
RuPaul's autobiography called
"Lettin It All Hang Out"
Hyperion - New York City
Now Available in the Illusions
Library ..thanks Coreen



DRAG TIPS

1. Be sweet; there are enough bitchy queens.
2. Never let people see you eat
3. Never respond to someone as "Slim"
4. Matte your face at least every 30 minutes
5. Never wear flat shoes
6. Posture is essential
7. Never perm your own hair
8. Don't wear high heels in soggy grass
9. Remember: beauty is pain
10. Don't let people bother you

"Going to work is not just a question of putting on some lip gloss and a little under arm deodorant. I don't care whether you're a high class hooker, supermodel or a tired old drag queen, every night is the big night.

You have to look your best for your public, whatever you're selling. And I know what people expect of me - nothing less than perfection.

It's gonna take nothing short of a miracle for this to happen in just three short hours, and that's what a queen is - a miracle worker. The first thing I do is say a little prayer. I go to my vanity and pray to the gods of Charles Revson, Max Factor, Flori Roberts, and all the other patron saints of beauty. Then I run a hot bubble bath with gorgeous bath oils. I unplug the phone, light some incense (Jasmine), and select music by Diana Ross, Donna Summer, Cher or Barbra Streisand.

I lock the door and slowly begin to shed my manly disguise.

I soak for a good fifteen minutes then start to scrub my skin. The skin must be clean and supple, before I can begin the process of shaving.

The Goddess is about to be born!



BREAST FORMS

Determining Size and Type to Use

One of the two most common "major investments" for the transgenderist can be the breasts and body shape. Presenting a more authentic figure helps in passing and feeling more genuinely feminine, can only boost one's confidence, which in turn adds to the "passing factor". But what style should one choose?... and how do you decide what size to buy? Taking the extra time to figure out your best figure sizing will certainly help you make a well educated purchase.

You can usually use a catalog with sizing information, such as the Sears catalog. Sizing is in fact very standardized, so a size (ie:) 14 from one company should have the same measurement requirements as another. Manufacturers long ago dropped all the size numbers, to make women feel good (as if they'd lost weight!).

So, in looking up a size 16 and 14, for example, the Bust/Waist/Hip measurements are; 39 1/2/32/42" and 38/30 1/2/40 1/2" respectively. No matter what the size is, the basic ratios of the three areas' measurements stay the same. In the transgendered community, most of us are lucky in that we can adjust the bust and/or hip to match a waist. All of the three areas can be optimised with shaping to obtain "that hourglass figure that makes time stand still".

Unfortunately this latter choice is the most difficult to implement, especially if one is a beginner.

Many real women who buy a size 14 are not a perfect size 14, and it is accepted that the garment will fit a range of measurements. Lingerie By Barbie can custom make any shaping garment, including sexy corsets.

Of course, one can find their size by just trying different ones on, but many girls are not truly experts in knowing what a proper fit should

look like! For one thing, there is the often confusing issue of "design ease" in a garment. This basically boils down to how much extra fabric is added to the basic measurements to give the "look" of it. Terms such as "fitted", "semi-fitted", "loose fitted", etc. come into play. For instance, a loose fitting "smock" type top will have a lot of ease built in. A very clingy dress made of a stretch material such as Spandex, can even have "negative ease" (less material than the measurement, only possible due to the stretch). So, not only must you be physically able to fit into the piece, it may also have extra room in addition. This is why a custom made outfit is the best! It also takes care of the extra height most of us have over the standard sizings.

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This is all in preparation to buying the breast forms. They can be quite an investment, so it's nice to feel one

is confident in the size chosen. It may not hurt to do the extra "math" with the catalogues to bolster your confidence in the size decision.

B&B Leatherworks have a full line of breast forms, running from the economically priced "Pinto" models, to the "Cadillac" of breast forms. The cheapest are sewn fabric that have been weighted inside, they are the least realistic, and don't conform to the chest as well. Still, if one's budget is limited, they are much better than the old stuffed pantyhose or Kleenex methods! Around the \$150/pr. area are the new line made from the same rubbery plastic used to make fishing worms. They have excellent value for the dollar and come in a vast range of sizes based on a chart of band versus cup sizes. These are what I have used for over a year, and still prefer.

This should cover the "breast form basics". See Barbie or Christine at the store to check them out, or to get some experienced advice. Having decent breast forms does add a lot to projecting a realistic bust. It's not only the shape, but a lot to do with natural bounce as one moves. It's one investment that certainly comes up at some point in one's transgendered experience, but one that is well worth it!

Love, Coreen

15% Discount for "Illusions" members & GLCCE

Dianne

TAROT (Edmonton)

2 Hour session

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Letter from the Editor

Blah, Blah, Blah



Recently, one of the most frustrating topics of conversation I have heard has been; I don't know if I should attend this event - what if "they" recognize me, what if I run into "someone" I know, or someone I work with.

"WHO ARE THEY?" and are THEY so all powerful that they could make our life absolute hell on earth, were they to find out our secret? How comfortable are we within ourselves about our lifestyle that we feel "watched everywhere we go"? Are they capable of firing us, kicking us out of our homes? Are our lives so balanced on a razor edge that they could make it so absolutely miserable for us? Most of the fear of THEM reflects back to our uneasiness about appearing in public and the dread of being discovered. Secrets that have been very closeted. Given the fact that crossdressing is becoming more commonplace, how many people would be so outright rude and impolite as to ask "Hey! Are you a guy in drag?" Our own fears still seem to linger on regarding these situations. They can best be described as some form of sinister characters within the dark canyons of our imagination, an inherent fear that we have yet to shake loose from. Maybe the co-worker who you see, or who sees you is very much in need of a friend, in need of someone to confide in, so resist that temptation to turn and run, start a conversation, or open some sort of dialogue with alternative issues.

Sometimes I think that some people actually prefer to stay in the closet and keep all their private issues to themselves...well that's fine if that's your choice...but then don't look for

sympathy because you can't either find someone to talk to...or anywhere to go out. If you talk to most everyone that has finally kissed those useless closets goodbye...you'll be surprised to find out that life on the other side isn't as traumatic as you think. The crossover isn't going to be nearly dramatic as you imagine.

So the Bizarre Ball is behind us...and if you were OUT...you'll have to agree that it was an actionpacked evening for all sorts of people. The Banke was filled to capacity...the largest of its kind to be ever held in Calgary.

The jazz quartet filled the airwaves for the first hour or so followed by "A little Voodoo" and rock type blues band. Once the formal show got into full swing. Twiggy was down from Edmonton for the MC position and flawless as always. The hair salons in Calgary put on a very creative show with their models followed by the models of DV8 Productions showing off fetish clothes from all sorts of businesses around town. A bit of fantasy, showcased along with an adult side show group...made for a very eye opening evening for all. The Queens Supremes were stunning and the evening felt action packed. It ran smoothly and professionally.

The Illusions gals were all dressed up festive and anyone coming through the door would of been greeted by Teri our Empress, Crystal and Christine.

Some of the Illusions gals donned maids outfits after the show and served up food to the crowd. They looked fabulous and thanks to all the gals who helped in the kitchen earlier.

So how did you enjoy the Bizarre Ball? Did anyone at work ask you

about it? I was at my son's hockey game and some dad asked me about it... seems someone at work told him about it! Word gets around... We need to continue to dig all sorts of people out of their little worlds and expose them to all sorts of different angles of life.

Even though this Ball was a tremendous amount of work and energy...it was well worth it. Many tongues are still wagging about what they say or liked!

We are thinking of having another one in the month of October! A prelude to Halloween would be appropriate!

Stay tuned for that...and don't be afraid to COME OUT and check it out...or be involved!

If your were involved in this past event Christine and I would like to thank you for your efforts and enthusiasm. We all had a fabulous evening. ...a great party.

So Thanks!

Coax yourselves out of your closets and hiding spaces...no matter how small you think they are...are share some of yourself and your time with others.

Life is a journey....not a destination!

Thank god spring is coming...I'm sick of frigid weather and layers of clothes!

See you at Illusions!

Lots of Love

Barbie



COREEN'S BIG ADVENTURE

One weekend in Nov I was able to take a flight from Calgary to Saskatoon to visit net -friends and spend the whole time "en-femme". For along time, I'd had a fantasy to fly somewhere as Coreen, and also a strong desire to get together with Michelle (a TS) and Mandy (a TV), in Saskatoon. When I saw the ads from the airlines, I knew I had to go, but how would I ever convince my wife? She isn't exactly thrilled with my TG nature, and even though she has come along way in accepting things, her pet peeve is still me spending *any* money on it.

As usual, I tried to win my goal by slightly mentioning it from time to time. This gave her the idea that I'd like to go "sometime". The clincher was when she and my Ma-in-law decided to spend a weekend in Vegas, and I was suddenly "owed" a trip! I had her blessing! She assumed that I would be en femme once there, but not that I would travel so.

Everything was booked and I waited with growing excitement for the day to come. To my horror, I found as the time neared, my confidence seemed to be declining! The week before I left, I read on the Internet about someone who flew en femme regularly without any problems.

The seat sale required one to leave on a Saturday, and return on a Monday.

Things had started to go wrong even before this weekend. I had put my back out for the second time in three weeks, totally immobilizing me for four days (again). On top of that, I caught a cold. It hadn't really set in, but my throat was sore and raspy, making my voice not at it's best... great for the old confidence! My panty girdle was going to give help by

supporting my back.

While shaving at home on the departure day, I immediately gave myself a wicked cut right on the bottom lip's line. It just wouldn't stop bleeding! I had to lie down for awhile for it to stop, wasting time I couldn't afford. When it finally stopped it left a prominent protruding scab... yuck! Once at the club, I got to work straight away. This is when I discovered I had forgotten my silicone breast forms. I pondered giving up and going home to get them, and thus abandoning the flight dressed as a girl. Instead, I decided to "take a trip down memory lane" and use multiple pairs of pantyhose to stuff my bra. They work ok, but you have to work them around a lot to eliminate the bumpiness, and to give them the proper shape. I always carry *tons* of pantyhose, in all shades!

Doing makeup went alright until the lip started to bleed again, just as I'd finished my foundation. This happened a few more times throughout the process, but luckily it stopped a lot more easily than in the first instance. I kept at it, but soon found I was running out of time. This fact, combined with all the other little setbacks, was starting to frazzle my nerves. By the time I had to abort painting my nails and scramble out the door, I was in a total panic! Fortunately, I had "borrowed" a valium from my wife, and it truly saved me. I was really hoping I wouldn't use it. I had pictured arriving at the airport early with plenty of time to buy some women's magazines, etc. The valium was supposed to be for an "emergency" only, like if I was so nervous on the plane that I was giving myself away. I didn't really figure that would happen though. It wasn't meant

to compensate for bad planning!

I had decided to use the "Park and Jet" and leave my vehicle at the airport. I drove like a mad-woman to get there. As I entered their compound and pulled up to the window, the girl inside looked over at me and broke out into a huge smile. I was thinking, "Geez,... the first person I meet up with in public, and I'm read". This may or may not have been true. I had decided to approach the whole trip by *assuming* I would be read; maybe not all the time, but at some point(s), and to not worry about it. I kind of doubted I'd be thrown out of the plane at 35,000 feet! The rest I figured I could handle.

Pulling up to my assigned spot, the bus to the terminal was blocking it while a large group boarded. I figured I'd wait to let it go, then take a less crowded bus. To my surprise, the driver honked at me and backed up to let me park. Suddenly, I was "on". Things went well right away. The driver jumped out and refused to let me carry my bags. This was especially practical considering the condition of my back! The group in the bus gave me some casual glances, but that, of course, is completely normal. On the other hand, the driver seemed to be quite interested in me! He was talking my ear off, asking a lot of questions about my trip. My voice seemed to be working. At the terminal the driver once again jumped up to up carry my bags off the bus, and even ran off to find me a cart. On leaving, he said, "You have a *real* nice trip!". It was so nice to be treated as a lady! It looked like, so far, everything was going ok.

I couldn't seem to find my flight's check-in. When I asked, I found out it had already been shut down. Now I

knew I was really late! They processed me at another window, and I had to go directly to board. Now came the part I had been dreading... going through security! I was quite worried I would set off the metal detector, with all the jewelry I had on. I had envisioned the buzzer sounding, followed by a bit of a scene as they used the hand wand. I pictured they would then see I was in "disguise" and haul me off or something! To my surprise I breezed through... nothing. You know, as a guy I never wear any jewelry, and the small amount of metal in my belt buckle always sets those detectors off, as the guy beside me could attest.

As I approached my gate, a woman from the airline was requesting anyone bound for Saskatoon to identify themselves. I put up my hand, which caused her to start reaming me out for being late! That shocked me. I thought, "What a wonderful way to win customers". She said they were just about to send the plane off without me! Going down the boarding ramp, the same thing happened again; this time from the captain!

I truly figured the flight would not be to crowded. It was Grey Cup weekend, so I deduced the big traffic would be heading for Regina, several hundred miles to the south of my destination. As I popped into the cabin, I was shocked again to find the plane was packed, with just one little old seat left... mine! Not only was it sold out, it seemed to be full of men in their thirties, all quite macho looking. I was thinking I would have preferred granny types, if I was discovered and they decided to show their disgust physically.

Everyone was looking at me. They all knew I was the one holding up the flight. Still I didn't sense any "ill will" towards me. I just looked at the two gentlemen in my row and pointed to my window seat. Fortunately, I had prebooked a window seat in the second row. After stashing my coat, they got up to let me in. Then they, and the guys in front started fussing over me. "Do you have enough room?", "Is that bag in your way?", were some of the typical comments. I

was *loving* it, and my voice still seemed to be working.

The rest of the flight was uneventful, and so, wonderful. I buried myself in the flight magazine, so no one would try to talk to me. I felt really good, as I sipped on my wine after supper. When we landed, I found out why the plane had been full of those guys. It turned out they were all in a hunting club, out on some excursion. I got another shock when I saw all the custom rifle cases going around the luggage carousel! These guys could have caused me some real trouble had they taken a dislike to me!

While I waited for my luggage to appear, I decided to take care of my car rental. That went just fine, but as I came back to get my luggage, a lady with the terminal was scowling at me as she off loaded my bags. Once again, I was last!

With Michelle's excellent directions, I was at her place in no time, even with it being quite dark out. With nervous excitement, I entered her building a found her suite. I know the excitement was mutual as we finally came face to face. We had written each other on the net for a long time, but had only talked on the phone once. This was our first meeting. It reminded me a lot of when Mandy and I finally met in Calgary, a few months ago. It took me a little while to relax again. We shared a bottle of Michelle's wine, and I soon came to realize she was just a sweet in person as in her letters.

With excellent timing, Mandy phoned to see if we could rendezvous for a visit with her where she worked. Michelle and I had planned to go to the alternative nightclub, Diva's, later on that evening. I was told it would be somewhat pointless to go before about 11pm. so, before we knew it, we were out the door. Mandy met us and found us a secluded area where we could sit and talk. It had a breathtaking view of the city! I was so thrilled to be in a room with both of my good friends at the same time. In too short a time, Mandy needed to get back to work, and the time was ripe to head to the club.

A pit stop was needed back at

Michelle's to fix up and for me to change. Off with the pants and into a skirt... ah... heaven! Going right back out the door saw us shortly heading into downtown. We found parking near by, but it was still about a block's worth of walking. The club was discreet; I could never have found it without Michelle! I was impressed once we got inside. There was a decent sized dance floor and a pounding sound system. We headed upstairs and sat by the railing that overlooked the dance floor (I love clubs like that!). We chatted and girl-talked.

Occasionally, someone Michelle knew would come up, so she would introduce me to them. We were having a wonderful time, until one particular guy came up to Michelle to talk to her. I thought she knew him but it wasn't so. This guy was creepy! He was too drunk, but at first that didn't seem apparent. His opening lines were something like, "I've been stalking you. I've been stalking you for a *long* time.". It just got worse from there! I mean really guy, what kind of line is that? Do you really think stuff like that is going to win you any points? It seemed to have an adverse effect on Michelle. She still says she can't forget him. Luckily he didn't persist for too long.

It was getting close to closing time, so we hit the dance floor to work up a sweat. When we rested, we just stayed downstairs. More of Michelle's acquaintances periodically stopped by, and unfortunately, so did the same creepy guy. This time, he blurted out the most endless stream of B.S. I'd ever heard; everything including being a rock star. I used to make my living playing in bands so he wasn't fooling (or impressing) me. We decided to leave.

As we were waiting in the car to turn off the street where we had parked, a large group of guys crossed in front of us, on the red light no less. They spied us and started whooping and hollering, and pretending to hitchhike. I guess you could say they had an "interest" in us. Eventually they crossed and continued down the

street. We turned the same way and the attention started again. One guy came onto the road as he hitchhiked. We thought it was kind of funny. They seemed to be nice guys, just out having a bit of fun.

We got home, and continued to talk into the early morn. Finally, we had to get ready for bed. No matter how long I stay out, I always find it so depressing when the time comes to take the makeup off, and change out of the clothes. This time, I'd be able to put on a silky nighty at least. I'm afraid I wasn't looking too feminine anymore, but Michelle was such a sweetie to keep treating me as such. I had warned her about this stage of the night, and her to me. The thing is, she still looked like a girl! She is truly beautiful inside and out, and has an adorably feminine voice.

The next day, it was so wonderful to get right back into looking and being feminine. Michelle gave me a tour of the city while I drove. I was highly impressed with Saskatoon. This was the first time I'd seen it, in the light! It is what I'd term a "small city", which I prefer. It was quite beautiful, with lot's of old trees. The one thing that stood out for me is how much character it had; from the old residences on the riverbank, to even the university campus.

Later in the day we went to a small cafe downtown for lunch. After that we picked a few beers for me in preparation for watching the Grey Cup football final. My home team was in it, and although Michelle didn't particularly back the other team, she had a hard time supporting mine (a true Saskatchewan fan!). We decided not to go out for supper after the game and just ordered in a pizza. It was strange to me when I ordered it and failed the phone test; the voice had been working ok all weekend.

The next day would be Monday which meant I would be leaving. We were both tired, so packed it in a bit earlier. Michelle had two classes in the morning, one quite early. I decided to get up with her so I'd have lot's of time to get ready. I certainly didn't want to repeat the fiasco of coming.

10

As much as I told her not to, I was still happy when she did skip the first class in order to see me off. It was a sad goodbye. I could have stayed there a long time.

There was a stop at the store to finally get some woman's magazines, a pit stop for gas, McDonalds to get my son a toy, the car return, baggage check, shopping for a present for my wife, security, and then reading a bit in the waiting room. No one treated me any less than with complete courtesy and politeness. The flight home was uneventful, except that my seat back wouldn't stay up. The man beside was totally squished. I tried to make it more comfortable for him, moving the arm rest, etc. He finally found an empty seat one row up. The two obnoxious kids behind me were loud, and kept pushing the seat back. They were also, well... smelly from the derriere! I came very close to making a scene, but that of course, was what I was trying to prevent. When it came time to land, I kept getting into trouble from the stewardesses and steward to put my seat "in the upright position". Not one of them would let me explain the trouble, though I tried with all. They just seemed too busy. When we landed, the man who had moved was kind enough to get my coat for me. As I waited for my luggage, I noticed a few woman seemed to be sizing me up. I didn't care. It was probably because I'm 6 feet tall.

The bus back to my truck was waiting outside so I just got right on. Once again the driver, a nice East Indian fellow, wouldn't let me handle my bags. He, too was quite talkative. There was only one other passenger on the bus, and when we dropped him off, we headed for my vehicle. When I pointed out the 3/4 ton, 4x4 pickup, he asked, "What? Do you live on a farm or something?". "No, it's my husbands.". "You mean you're married?!". "Yes.", as I pointed to my (female) wedding ring. After a short pause he said, "How long does it take you to do your makeup?". "About an hour.", to which he exclaimed, "Well, I *really* like it!". I'm not sure if that

meant he had read me or not, but again, I didn't care. At any rate, he cared my bags right to my door, and was perfectly polite. Paying the cashier girl on the way out would be the last "public performance" of my little adventure. I had arranged a rendezvous with a TG friend so I could change at her place. When I finally got home, my wife guessed I had flew back en femme, by a quick feel of my face. I guess I could have gone straight home after all, except for the neighbours (junior was in school).

Michelle and Mandy were so kind, and did everything to boost my confidence. Michelle was a gem for letting me stay with her, and showing me around. The whole weekend had been quite a big deal for someone like myself. I'm still floating around on its memory. In Calgary, I had been out in the general public occasionally. Friends here and myself get out night clubbing on a regular basis, but it's always at "safe" alternate lifestyle (gay) bars. The most public places I'd spent a reasonable amount of time in were some local restaurants. As Mandy said later, "The Dairy Queen won't seem like much now." Being out of town seemed to help me forget my male identity completely. Although my confidence is at a high point, and I will be less nervous to go out in my home town, there is still the reality of that other self to deal with. I know people here, and there are a lot of memories associated with even physical locations. Of course, this will in no way stop me! The trouble is, the more I do get out as my feminine self, the more I want to, no, need to, again!

Love,

Coreen

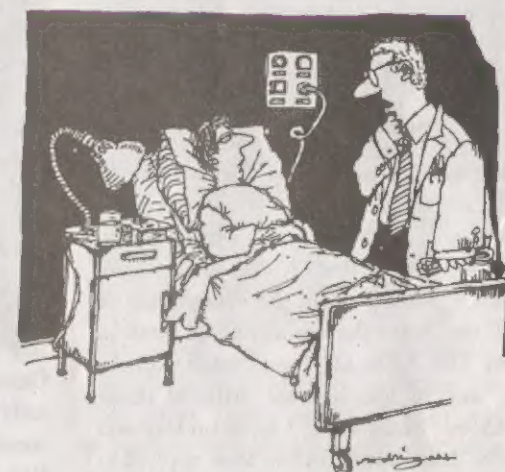
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SEX CHANGE +CLINIC+

NATIONAL LAMPOON



"...And when the construction of your female genitalia from anal tissue was completed, there was a little piece left over, so Dr. Stern and I thought it would be nice to use it to make that attractive beauty spot!"



"Well, let's see, now....The stitches come out Tuesday along with the bladder catheter, and if a gynecological examination shows vagina-wall tissue normal, I'd say you can start working as a prostitute as early as Saturday."



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What size are YOU?

	30	32	34	36	38	40	42	44
A	8	10	11	12	13	14		
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D	12	13	14	16	18	20	22	28

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RE: KRISTINE W. HOLT LEGAL FUND

The following letter was received by ILLUSIONS Social Club. Although it is not our policy to request or solicit donations from our members, if you feel that this is a cause which you would be willing to donate to please feel free to forward your contributions to the address at the end of the letter.

Dear Friends,

Hi ! My name is Lori Taylor, from Alpha Omega support group in Cleveland, Ohio. About three years ago I started a coming - out process at which time I lost my job, lost my self respect and lost the desire to achieve at anything. Something inside was hurting so badly that I looked elsewhere for comfort, and it was Lori that needed nurturing. Lori needed to be accepted, or at least tolerated for who she is. It has really turned out to be more than that. It was at this time that I learned about the acceptance of others, more than at any other time in my life. After all, I was asking others to accept me, a most difficult thing indeed. Since then, I have understood how discrimination has been applied to others in our closely related community of gay, lesbian, bisexual, trans-sexual and transgendered. Have I left anyone out. My friend, Kris Holt has had even greater losses. because of discrimination she has lost her house, her career, her savings and her spouse, along with which went the children. You would think she would be down and out more than me. Instead she has chosen to fight back. this gal has real stamina and courage! Kris has had the perseverance to seek restitution from those who have discriminated against her. While I have buckled under pressure, Kris has not! Kris has documented everything, has searched high and low for an attorney that would consider her plight, and found someone whom she feels is exceptional. Ms. Elizabeth C.M. Carmichael, Attorney at law, who you may remember from the legal presentations at the Riverdale Gala Weekend, is representing Kris. She

has already pleaded Kris's case before Senior Judge Breene in the Venango County Court of Common Pleas (on January 3, 1995), and before President Judge Colins in the Commonwealth Court of Pennsylvania. (on January 30, 1995). What a way to start off the new year.

Now comes the difficult part for me - asking for support from you. Have you ever bought a cheap bottle of shampoo? The price was right, but you either consumed it wastfully or tossed it out, only to turn around and purchase another. Quality is something to be appreciated. It's money well spent. I now purchase better quality shampoo, clothes, jewellery, shoes, etc. But a quality defense is something I'll not be purchasing for myself. My losses will remain losses and will last a lifetime. But now I feel there is something I can do.

I feel a need to support a friend like Kris by helping her pursue a quality defense. you may have heard stories like this before, and so have I, but Ms. Carmichael exudes a confidence that tells me my donations may work wonders. My confidence in her and Kris is high. You too, can help. As a member of our community, you can come to the aid of this cause.

Others outside our community will never give in this manner in which we need support. Notice how I said "we". This is not a transsexual fight. It's a discrimination fight. It's my cause! It's our cause! The public can not feel the discrimination like we do. They seem to feel that ours is a chosen path. No-one knows better than we do, how we feel, and how we suffer. So it is up to us, and it is up to me to make a commitment to get involved, today, when help is urgently needed. for your gift of \$50.00 or more, we will keep you regularly informed about the progress of trial cases and how it is impacting Kris's, Ms. Carmichael's, and the rest of our community member's lives. To get this support program off to a good start, I am donating \$250.00. Having little work, it's difficult to pledge anything at times like this, but I feel I must do

something. If I could just get 30 or 40 commitments like that we would have the basis from which this fight can make a powerful statement. Someone may say, "But if she wins this battle she will be rich!"

Sure--Kris would like to replace her financial losses and pay her attorney who has been working pro bono to this point.

Her dignity and self worth, which have no monetary value, would be paid back by vindication.

As you know, settlements are often much less than the suit originally asks for. It is my understanding that some of the proceeds from any settlement will go towards setting up a career trainingfund/scholarship/endowmentto assist displaced transgendered persons re-establish themselves in gainful employment.

More importantly, it is unlikely that this case will ever be settled before it goes to trial. This is a guarantee that whatever judicial ruling is handed down will become "the law of the land" as it is applied to transgendered people. This is all the more reason to make sure we win this battle. I realize that massive donations are not likely, but whatever you feel you can give will be most appreciated and will give credence to who you are - having rights, having dignity and self worth. Kris is our crusader in the "we have rights too" arena. She and Ms. Carmichael are like our generals, leading the charge. Now let's give them the full support of the troops. The battle is joined! Can we count on you. Please, make your contribution by Cheque, or Money Order, made out to the "Kristine W. Holt Legal Fund," and forward it to:

KRIS HOLT LEGAL FUND,

P.O. BOX No. 386,

GRAND RIVER, OHIO, 44045.

Your donation will be most respectfully recognized by the committee, and by the Transgender community. If you have any concerns over what you have just read, then please feel free to send them to me, at the above address.

Love, Lori Taylor.

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS....MAYBE!

By: 1st PRINCESS V MICHELLE HART

It seems we spend our lives surrounded by visual images of the perfect male or female look. On television, at the movies, in catalogues and magazines, the images we get to see portray a vision of what the perfect person is supposed to look and act like. They seem to offer support for that old idea that "The grass is always greener on the other side of the hill". The reverse of that adage seems to imply that somehow the ground on which we are presently standing is flawed in some way. But do they represent the truth or are they really just selected images that don't in most cases represent human reality.

As CD's maybe we are subject to the exaggeration of the perfect image more than most women. Our emotions run deep and our vision is of someone other than who we are most of the time! Intertwined with the actual transformation is our intense inner desire to emulate someone else..but who is that? Is it someone in the Sears Catalogue, Claudia Schiffer on the runway or a cool chic in a Frederick's of Hollywood Catalogue? If you really stop and think about it, this type of presentation is one of single dimension..it's flat and has no substance or depth! It's a picture! The people that model for the pictures we are so appreciative of are real people, but the situations they are presented to us in are contrived and therefore not real! They are not part of our daily experience and probably they never will be.

A few weeks ago I watched an interview with a fashion model that has been a cover girl for Cosmopolitan Magazine. She said the photographer took 1056 pictures to get the right one! That's right one thousand and fifty six! Few of us are in a position to match this kind of purposeful focus of attention. The pictures in a catalogue are artfully contrived to portray an image we will find desirable. They are designed to make

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we should go in transforming ourselves is really up to us as individuals. The one definite is, that the higher the standard we set for ourselves, the more time we have to be prepared to devote to achieving our goal.

My personal opinion is that we should be able to enjoy the visual images that the pundits surround us with, but I don't think we should take them to seriously! I think we should play and experiment to our hearts content in trying to see how far we can go in recreating ourselves in their likeness, if we want to, but it is a mistake to judge ourselves by them. Further, that time spent creating the visual image is only part of the equation. Beyond the wigs and make-up is the land of inner self and the need for it's release through the expression of our personality. Spending time learning to bring out the inner self, using it to add substance and depth to our feminine personality is just as important as developing our visual feminine image. Exploring both paths can be a rewarding experience as you proceed with your journey.

Until next time....

Love & Best Wishes

Michelle

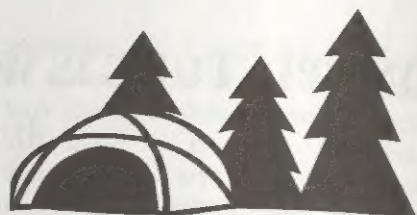


WORK IT GIRL!

It's great when we get together for Illusions socials, but it takes allot to make them happen. As a club member, please volunteer your time to clean the facilities before and after socials, wash dishes throughout the week, and sweep the steps. This is your club, our club.

The Girls up North

BY RACHEL



Once again it's time to report on what's been happening in the Great White North metropolis of Edmonton. There has certainly been enough going on to make even this party animal reporter's head spin!

New Years Eve had the usual number of parties going on. Every club had a party and all seemed to be full of people in the party mode. Your faithful reporter started the evening off quietly, with a group of "girls", by enjoying a sumptuous buffet at Boystown Cafe. Afterwards, we headed off to the Roost. Barely in the door, we ran into Jeanine (a.k.a. Shirley Ann), a long time crossdresser who was hoping to run into people from Illusions. The Roost was packed with people including many drag queens and other crossdressers. We ended up partying until the wee hours of the morning but still managed to get home before the sun came up. Thank god for late sunrises in winter! What a night it was. It was, for most of us there, the first time that we were able to celebrate New Year's Eve as our femme selves. What a glorious feeling!

Down at the G.L.C.C.E, our unofficial home, Dee Dee and Dixie came in one evening and put up some mirrors and shelving so we now have a change and make up room. This was done for those members who can't change at home before coming out to our socials. So if there are any of you girls that haven't been to one of the socials at our new hole in the ground yet, come on down. There is still work to be done to finish the centre. Unfortunately a lack of funds is holding up the completion of renovations at the centre. The centre has the motivated work force in us girls, though.

Since the start of the year we have had a steady stream of people calling the centre on Tuesday evenings when one of the girls from Illusions is there. It

seems that the word about our being there is finally getting out around the city. We even had one girl, Stephanie, call because of seeing the "Rough Cuts" program that had aired on CBC just before Christmas. During our Saturday social in January, we were approached by the publisher of "Times 10", an alternate lifestyle newspaper with a large circulation, to see if we would write a full page article about Illusions in Edmonton. We agreed and expect that the article will be coming out around the same time as you get this edition of "Illusions".

Four of our dedicated members (Vikki, Leslie, Rachel & Roxy) have enrolled in a peer counseling course. This course will help us deal with people who call or come in and have concerns about their crossdressing and will help us to help them resolve any problems that they may have. The course started late in January and will continue for eight weeks. Personally, I've noticed that it has helped me already in dealing with people who have called in at the centre.

One of the crossdresser friendly clubs in Edmonton closed its doors at the end of January. Queens Empyre was a large friendly place that had opened only a short while ago. I guess that the low turnout during the three week cold spell in January sealed its fate. The place will be missed. On a more optimistic note, Buddy's Place, which is located above Boystown Cafe is still hoping to open in the near future. This place is more along the lines of an English pub, with decor and atmosphere to match.

For our first social in February we had Shirley, from Totally Yours Esthetics come in and show us how to carry ourselves in a more ladylike manner. She showed us how a real lady should walk, sit, stand and the like. After the initial demonstrations, she had us practice until we all got it just right. Everyone had a blast that night.

On February 17th, a number of girls, including Princess Michelle & her wife Brenda, attended the "Black & White Affair" that was held at Commerce Place in downtown Edmonton. This was an AIDS benefit with hundreds of mainstream people there, including many from the cream of society. We girls were all dressed in our finest outfits. I think we equaled, if not beat, many of the women that were there. A number of the women there even told us so! I guess that next year the women will just have to dress better if they want to look classier than us girls! We mingled and talked with the crowds all night long. I even had a nice chat with one of the TV news anchors here in the city. People reacted positively to our presence there that night. I have to admit though, some people did do some double takes when we walked by. Whether it was because we looked so good or were crossdressers, who knows. I'll leave that up to your imagination, darlings!

Once the party started to wind down, we headed over to the Roost to join the girls at our Slut night social. This of course necessitated our making a quick change of clothes. So we did a la David Copperfield and moments later showed up at the Roost to party with the other girls already there. Who could of known that some of the girls had such a wild side to their wardrobes! The stories I heard about Pauline's outfit blew yours truly away. Only the fine reputation of this magazine prevented me from including the pictures to prove it.

Well I guess that about wraps it up for this issue girls. Hopefully I'll have even more exciting and juicy things to talk about next issue.

Until next time,

XOXOX Rachel.

Many thanks to Ty Morgan & Jane for their skin care and cosmetic presentations at our January social. We are also grateful to Ty and his boss Janet for arranging a substantial contribution of Ultima II & Revlon products which were distributed free to club members at our February 29 social. You never know what you may miss out on if you skip an Illusions party!!

WIG STYLING BY JAMI has been rescheduled to our Thursday, March 28 social. Jami, from Style Council Salon (264-8994), is a wizard with wigs and will show us how to restyle and rejuvenate those tired old locks into some stunning new looks. We will also have an opportunity for anyone interested in trying out lip-synch to strut their stuff and, if desired, get an instant replay on video.

If you're looking for something to do that Saturday, March 30, you may want to drop in to the Midnight Café, 1330 8th St. SW. At 11PM there will be a special ISCCA show where you can meet the candidates for ISCCA Empress (not Illusions Empress--if you're not familiar with the ISCCA, see this issue's interview with ISCCA Empress XIX HMISM Donna DuYahwanna).

PHOTO ID & PORTRAIT NIGHT will be Saturday, April 13. Alexis of "Photography by Alexis" (541-0700), will be on hand to take colour ID photos for those interested in getting an ID card. We are hoping to have a laminator on hand so you will be able to take your new card away with you for about \$10. She will also be doing mini-portrait sessions for about \$20. Alexis has taken portraits of all this year's Illusions royalty, so she is well-versed in making us look good! We'll also have another lip-synch opportunity.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Don't forget--April 13 is also **VOTING DAY** for the ISCCA election. You don't have to be an ISCCA member to vote, just a Calgary resident. Voting will be from noon to midnight at the Midnight Café, 1330 8th St. SW. There will also be an ISCCA court show there that night at 11PM.

THE ISCCA BALL will be Saturday April 20 at 5:30PM at the Ramada Inn downtown. This is the biggest gala of the year, so dust off your flashiest frock and come on out. Illusions will be doing a command performance for the first time ever--let's make sure we're out in force. A room has already been booked to provide a place on site for you to get ready, freshen up and relax throughout the evening.

A LINGERIE FASHION SHOW will highlight our Thursday, April 25 social. Lady-in-Waiting Christine is organizing this event, so if working the runway has been a dream of yours, now is the time for you to shine.

We are hoping to have **DR. J.J. MILES**, a prominent Calgary expert on cross-genderism, attend our Saturday, May 18 social to answer questions. Dr. Miles has many years of experience counselling crossdressers, transsexuals and others with cross-gender issues to resolve. (This still has to be confirmed as we go to press)

THE BIRDCAGE, a Hollywood adaptation of La Cage aux Folles starring Robin Williams, will be opening in May. We hope to plan an "Gals' Night Out" to see it once the opening date is announced. Contact Teri for details.

Our Thursday, May 30 we will take a **BREATH** from the social whirl. We'll have a regular social--which our Empress candidates may find useful to do a bit of one-on-

one campaigning.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY is the climax of the year, as we elect a new Empress. Block off Saturday, June 15 for this big event.

We're already thinking ahead to the new Empress's reign (whoever she may be) so she can hit the road with her high heels (and hopefully not her pantyhose) running. Michelle has volunteered to allow us to decorate her Mercedes (5-ton flatbed) for use as a float in the **PRIDE PARADE** (probably Sunday, June 16 or 23). Be sure to volunteer to help out with the decorations and go along for the ride if you can. June 28-30 will be the **ARGRA RODEO** and we'll also be organizing a major presence for this fun event.

New Friends at Illusions

#399 **Marlina**. Loves Latex, PVC and needs help out of the closet.

#400 **Tanya**. Large wardrobe and looks forward to new friends.

#401 **Joanna**. N. Alta resident who tries to get south as often as she can.

#402 **Roxanne**. Can't wait to join the real ladies.

#403 **Stephany**. Glad to be out of the closet in Edmonton.

#404 **Yvette**. Long time Cd'er hoping to be brave enough to go to the club.

#405 **Nicole**. Novice CD looking for help.

#406 **Rob**. BC College Student.

#407 **Rhonda**. New Calgary member.

#408 **Erna**. New Calgary Gal.

#409 **Rita**. Eager since 14yrs old!

#410 **Megan**. Likes to socialize.

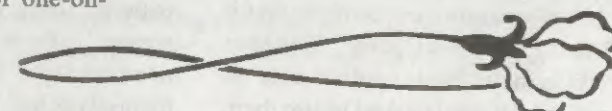
#411 **Les**. New Sask. member

#412 **Sylvia**. New Edmontonian.

#413 **Rikki**. Sask novice

#414 **Tammy**. New gal to the club.

#415 **Jessica**. New to the Club.



7 Can a woman really accept transvestism?

There are no hard and fast rules of behaviour in a relationship between two people. Some women have the quality of being able to understand, others can be unreasonable, partly through conjecture. It is understandable that most women will feel embarrassed and bewildered by the fact that what, to her, are just items of clothing, will be used by the man to disguise his masculinity and present the stereotype image of a woman.

Quite often, because of his lack of experience, the man cannot convey the image of a woman, and, while trying to understand his need to express this emotive desire, the woman is only able to see him in a grotesque parody of her own sex.

She should try to understand that the whole presentation is one of acute embarrassment for both partners; that for years he has suppressed his need, and may have indulged in what he would see as 'stolen moments' only when she was out of the house. He is also strongly aware that he has constantly tried harder than most men to present an image of masculinity, as a result of which it is sometimes difficult to believe that the man she has lived with for so long has the desire to dress as a woman. The confrontation for the first time is head on. If the marriage is to survive there will have to be give and take, with both partners trying to understand the other's feelings, particularly during the first few times his transvestism is exposed as a visible image. The man will expect his wife to be a master of make up and deportment, whereas her skills have been acquired over the years only in relation to herself. She knows how to make up and dress herself in order to present herself as a female in public. Few women can explain logically why they use make up, but most know instinctively that it will make them feel good. However her skills have been applied only to herself, and if she is asked to use them

on another she will no doubt find it very difficult. For the man, there might be a disappointment when his wife tries to change his masculine facial area into the feminine 'peaches and cream' young lady - and it just doesn't work! However, by watching his wife attentively while she demonstrates on herself he will learn the basics, which will help him to get some semblance of the image he would like. By regularly giving him such small 'lessons' she will no longer suffer the uneasiness of the early days.

Many wives and girlfriends have stated that, over a period of time, they have quite enjoyed the improvement that the transvestite has made with their guidance. (Dare I say it? - even, Proud?) At this stage their partner becomes, to some extent, an androgynous individual in whom they see no threat. It is only through the games of transvestism; played, acted, directed, devised and endured, that acceptance, and lack of embarrassment and inhibitions come. There are a number of women who quite enjoy (sometimes secretly) the feminisation of the male.

8 My partner only wears female underwear; is he a transvestite?

A more realistic term in this case is fetishist. There are many forms of fetish, and it could be said that transvestites who dress fully as women are carrying fetishism to the ultimate degree. Many will speak of their youth, when they were first drawn to dressing, possibly just in items of underwear, belonging to their mother or sister. Though they might have used only these items of clothing, they will often state that they wished to dress fully in outer garments as well; to satisfy their need to see themselves as the girls/women which they felt that the clothes made them.

Most underwear fetishists start after puberty, using the underwear for the reason of masturbation, without necessarily wishing to make themselves look like women. They do

not wear wigs, make up or outer clothing. Quite often, the man who has a fetish about underwear would not see himself as a transvestite, but over a period of time many do start to dress fully. You could possibly help overcome his fetish by wearing the type of clothes which he uses for sexually arousing himself. This sexual arousal is not in itself unusual; all heterosexual men see underwear as highly sexual; as erotic imagery. (Hence the term "sexy undies"). To be realistic, the clothes are designed for the woman to wear, and will look better on you than him! It might help if you can project yourself in a more seductive manner, wearing the clothes through which he gains the arousal for masturbation.

You might well feel that the clothing he wears for this purpose are causing him to ignore your own sexual needs. The underwear might be playing a small symbolic part of his need to dress fully, and his fear of discovery may be acting as an inhibition to that extent. For some men, their physique makes it impossible for them to look anything other than grotesque if dressed fully in women's clothes. Men who turn to fetishism involving underwear invariably do so because they have a high sex drive which needs more than the normal sexual intercourse which can take place in the marriage. Dressing in the type of clothes he uses can also be quite fun for the woman - to see herself dressed as a 'femme fatale' - and who knows, you might even grow to like it. After all, it appears that the man in your life does!

This is Part Two of an eight part serialisation.

Don't be afraid
Place your ad and photo into
our registry and get response
from other TV/TS's.

Dear Barbie and Christine,

Hi, I'm still alive and kicking in Canada's model town. I still shake my head in wonderment over that statement. By the way, belated Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I hope all is well and going fine with you two "Love Birds." My social life has really picked up over the last couple of months, new girlfriends and admirers have entered my life. A classy young lady like myself can never have too much excitement.

On a more serious note, the career manager for my trade is going to be on base on the 16th of January, so I'll find out if my sentence here will be over. Hopefully I'll be Alberta bound, kinda sounds like the lyrics for a song doesn't it.

I have enclosed an up to date picture for my ad in the registry, wearing my new red suit that I received as a Christmas present from Santa Claus, I was a very, very, good girl Really.

Take care girls, bye for now, Love Ursula.

Hi Christine,

I saw your photo and Ad in the Illusions magazine, Volume 5, Issue number 3, and am very impressed with your magazine in both format and content. There are a lot of good articles on crossdressing in it, and I cannot get over how gorgeous some of the photo's are. It is difficult to comprehend the fact that they are not girls. I am a 37 year old male transvestite, my femme name is Allison. I have blue eyes, light brown hair, 5' - 11" and 170 lbs. I have been crossdressing since my teen years. I enjoy most things feminine, such as lingerie, nice dresses, heels, etc. It would be nice to get to know more about your club.

Your T.V. Friend, Allison Anne.

Dear Barbie,

Thank you for keeping a copy of the November edition of ILLUSIONS for me to see my article on the "Autobiography of a Lifelong Transvestite. I read it from cover to cover, and it was a tremendous relief to find that I was not alone. I would very much like to become a member of ILLUSIONS, but I cannot "come out" for a number of reasons, however, I would like to become a "phantom member". I would like to pay my dues and, even though I don't want to receive the magazine, it would be nice to think that I belong and that I could participate in your activities if I wanted to.

You said that you would put a female name to the article, and I was sort of wondering what name you would chose, as I have never been able to give myself one. I have always known that I was a male who simply had to cross dress, but I could never give myself a female name. I wondered if any other member of ILLUSIONS had experienced the same problem.

Some time ago, I met a very nice lady who was attractive, intelligent, athletic, shapely in a moderate way, and her clothes were expensive and immaculate. She exuded an air

of quiet quality. Her make up was expert but hardly noticeable. Her name was Erna-May. So, after much inner turmoil, I have decided to try to coalesce the Yin and Yang of my personality into the one and only Erna-May.

Yours Sincerely, Erna-May. (Formerly Yin and Yang.)

Dear Barbie and Christine,

Hi, getting a chance finally, I thought I better drop you a quick note to let you know I'm still around. Since becoming Doug's hostess Girl, I have begun to feel obligated to pamper all of my fine Gentlemen customers, and my Sweetheart Girls.

Well a lot has happened since I was connected with all the truly terrific people from ILLUSIONS a year ago, in a few more weeks. I can still remember that evening, and every great adventure out since. But because of the frigid coldness I have not been brave enough to wander too far from home, unlike the girls who visited me from Edmonton the last weekend in January. Now that a break in the weather seems imminent, I may be able to venture out more often. However, enough babble and gibberish; the reason I am writing is to put an idea proposal to you. Being a sort of Bubblehead "Hostess Girl" here at the Other Place, I was wondering if I could do something different in the magazine. I have highlighted the details in another part of this letter, along with a picture you can use in conjunction with the idea.

Sincere Thoughts, Karrie, Red Deer.

Dear Barbie and Christine,

Hi to two beautiful girls! For many years, I've picked up many magazines on transvestism and crossdressing, your Illusions magazine is the best. I've never written a letter before, but I feel I must congratulate you both on a fine, quality magazine. The stories, helpful hints and pretty ladies keep me impatiently waiting for the next issue. I wish I lived in Alberta, because your club sounds great.

I have crossdressed for many years, (in the closet) then I met a girl who really enjoyed this aspect of my life. Unfortunately, this was the only thing we had in common, and the relationship slowly unwound, back to the closet for me. I am married to a beautiful girl, and have two lovely daughters. My wife is very straight and the few times I've hinted, or seen a crossdresser on shows like "Fashion Television and commented on how nice it would be to dress like that, she has shown total scorn or said they were just a bunch of fags. This upsets me as I'm totally heterosexual, and am only attracted to women. I just want to wear their clothes, I have great legs and a well kept body, but am likely not passable without a lot of work. Could you possibly publish more stories on how people told their S.O. and got them involved in their "Hobby".

Keep up the excellent work, and maybe some day you may expand to Winnipeg. I am awaiting the day that I can enjoy crossdressing in the open and maybe come to one of your social evenings to meet all you beautiful girls.

Yours in the closet, Luck and Love, Larrissa.

Dear Barb,

I am writing to request permission to use a couple of articles from Illusions magazine, Vol. 5, Issue 4. Namely, "Autobiography of a Lifelong Transvestite", and "Grow Your Own - Nails, That Is." The first article would make fascinating reading for our older members, it is extraordinarily poignant and filled with human feelings. The latter item by Roxanne Hurd - Pride being practical and useful, as are most of the articles from the Illusions magazine, in regard to make-up, etc. I enjoy the up - beat tone of your magazine and read every issue from cover to cover.

Sincerely Yours,

Liisa Lappalainen, MSC Newsletter.

Dear Barbie,

Hi! Thanks for the letter on the 30th. I am trying to find a copy of the magazine you had mentioned. (Tapestry.) I cannot find it in any of the adult stores here but, I have one the, store employee is holding on to a copy of it when and if they get a copy in. Anyhow, the reason I am writing this is, maybe you could put into the magazine in a later issue, how I met my boyfriend a short time ago. It was at the beginning of August, because I took a dare from my friends Shannon and Jennifer, (they knew about my other self) the dare was a night out at a local club. I was hesitant at first, but said yes eventually. The day before, we went shopping, I picked out a ruffled off the shoulder and a short sweep skirt with pleats. I started getting ready at about six thirty, p.m. and the girls arrived with their boyfriends who never suspected I was a guy, I was that passable and desirable according to Jennifer's boyfriend Ken.

We arrived at the "Underground" for the evening, after a few drinks and dances this one guy approached our table while us girls were sitting chatting, the boys were playing pool. Brad introduced himself to us, then asked the other two to dance. When they returned and sat down he then asked me to dance and I also accepted. It was a real slow song so we danced really close. Looking towards our table, I noticed both Shannon and Jennifer giving me a wink and the thumbs up, and instinctively I felt more relaxed and was having a good time. The dance ended and we returned to the table, the six of us chatted, and played pool together. We left around 12:30 or so, Brad and I exchanged phone numbers, he said he would call me in a day or two. He called and also sent flowers, when I told the girls about this they laghed and said I should go for it. We have now been going together for about four months, he has seen me in the non femme mode, but prefers me dressed as Patricia. This is the first really positive experience I have had while dressed. I, like so many others, have been chastized and ridiculed etc, for being who we want to be. It is a really wonderful and exhilarating feeling to know that a man has accepted me for who I am. Thanks for allowing me to share my experience with you, I'll keep in touch.

Yours Truly, Patricia I.

Dear Illusions,

Hello from New Brunswick, and congratulations on your amazing accomplishment. A smile a mile wide comes to my face whenever I hear of clubs like Illusions breaking away from the unseen laws that bind us. Us, being the small but proud percentage of males who by some miracle of human nature can experience both sides of the gender spectrum.

Having said that, I should introduce myself; My name is Pine, 22 years old and virtually no experience outside of the closet. Due to the extreme prejudice towards our lifestyle in this part of the country. Having been into femininity for as long as I can remember, recently becoming more intent on coming out of the closet, and having secretly honed my feminine identity for this moment. This occurred when I shocked my mother by doing the laundry in full feminine attire. She exclaimed - "Oh My God!" as I pranced by as proud as any girl could be. Afterwards I faced the usual barrage of freudian misconceptions, only to be met by a psychological stalemate. "It's your life", was my mother's sarcastic final statement, killing any hopes of acceptance.

I am literally terrified of becoming the next "freak" to be stared out of town by the closed minded rednecks who feast on incriminating gossip. A strong girl will not let life get her down. Thusly I have decided to break free of the inaction cycle that I have been plagued with, and reach for my ultimate goals. Hopefully, by being more open I can meet people with like interests, to share and expand knowledge and experiences of a feminine nature.

I first heard of Illusions during a stay in Calgary while on a cross Canada backpacking expedition. Since all my heels and hose were back in N. B. I did a lot of reading, I came across an edition of the Illusions magazine during a visit to the bookstore, the caption "For Men Who Enjoy Being Women", instantly captured my attention, like having discovered my very own bible. Having read it from cover to cover, I then had a whole new outlook on life, no longer considering myself as a freak, but as one of a very special group who are in touch with their needs and the courage to reach out for fulfillment. For this I am eternally thankful to all the girls at Illusions, and would be greatly honoured to become a member of the club. I welcome all information about the club and the opportunity to correspond with other members about all aspects of femininity, and life in general.

Thank You all very much for your time, and I hope to be able someday to visit Calgary and attend the club to experience first hand the live atmosphere, also to meet many of the members.

Fabulously Yours, Pine

**A SMART WOMAN
DOESN'T DO
WINDOWS—UNLESS IT'S
WINDOWS 3.1.**

Re - Sexual Orientation in C.D. Clubs

In a recent conversation with a sister member of Illusions on the topic of some C.D. clubs restricting membership to heterosexuals only we discussed the notion that a persons sexual identity has no bearing on their ability to contribute and function positively in the transgendered environment. Since most clubs have house rules regarding inappropriate sexual behaviour or the use of drugs and any other criminal activities such as adhering to fire regulations, it would be fair to assume that any behavioral distinctions are left at the door during any of the many social gatherings that these clubs host in any given calendar year. We asked ourselves what the point of any sexuality clause could be.

Could it be an expressed wish not to have the same social stigmas attached to alternative sexual representation? HELLO!, we are men wearing dresses, whether we are confirmed heterosexuals or not we are still viewed as deviants by the rest of society. The homophobes and bigots out there aren't about to ask anyone that they target for their special brand of discrimination and/or harassment what their sexual orientation is.

Maybe some of these organisations are afraid of the temptation that bisexual or homosexual membership represents, and that they may lose some of their following to another "less desirable" form of sexual expression. To use a rather outmoded adage, it's pretty tough to teach an old dog new tricks, since the majority of the members of these clubs are more mature they are therefore quite set in their ways. This of course doesn't rule out the fantasy aspect, we are after all dressing up as women aren't we? What, pray tell, is it that women do? Yes, travesty upon travesty, they date MEN! Don't tell me that any self-disrespecting T.V. hasn't thought about what it would be like to actually have the very same experiences as their biologically correct sisters do. Yet, fantasy is ephemeral after all. We all do what ever it takes to get along in this world and for some of us reality and fantasy don't mix, but that's o.k. too.

What about religious teaching? I suppose it depends on what religion you subscribe to. Literally all Judeo-Christian religions take great exception to the blurring of gender lines, especially the male to female kind since it describes an inherent "weakness" in the individual and could be linked to supposed acts of homosexuality. These ideals are shared by many of the more dogmatic and ritualized religions including Arianism. It seems quite significant that many of us consider ourselves Agnostic. I don't think that I would be remiss in assuming that all of us agree that fairness dictates we should treat each other with respect and courtesy in all circumstances (a

Humanist idea) while we expect to receive the same treatment. The early attempts at gender distinction were geared towards the subjugation of women, and supported popular notions of male superiority. The delegation of roles focussed on the idea that women could never be strong leaders and that men couldn't behave in a nurturing manner. Of course many of the popular myths and stories that theology is based on show us otherwise. Meanwhile, history itself has managed to dispel many of the conflicting ideas of gender roles.

Clearly, in any social setting people find (through conversation) certain things that they may have in common. Things such as the use of controlled or contraband drugs (hormones), life experiences ad-infinitum. As long as people aren't advertising their indiscretions it isn't any one else's business what they do with their lives. The same ideas apply to sexual orientation, as long as a person is not openly groping or molesting other members, this is not at issue. We all voluntarily leave our sexual proclivities at the door without ever questioning as to why. It seems that we all practice some common decency with regards to our neighbours orientation.

Whether you are homosexual, bisexual or transgendered, if you transgress any of the "normal" modes of expression as dictated by the rest of society, you will be (to quote a phrase) "tarred with the same brush" as those who have been discriminated against because of some imagined form of scapegoating. It's time for us to stand up and see the light, the light of understanding. It says that we should understand what it is to be alive and to love one another, not in the carnal sense (although we each strive for that union in our own special way), but in a spiritual one without discrimination or labels. Everyone is your equal, treat them as such and you will be surprised at the amount of good you can generate by a simple gesture, or a smile. Life is a celebration and if you ask me it's pretty damn hard to celebrate when you're alone.

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privacy considerations.

Love, **GJNA**



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DuYAHWANNA KNOW ABOUT THE COURT?

The ISCCA (Court) ball is one of the highlights of the Calgary's social calendar, but do you know what ISCCA is for? To find out this and more, in this issue we interview Her Most Imperial Sovereign Majesty Empress XIX Donna DuYahwanna, Calgary's reigning ISCCA Empress.

ILLUSIONS: How did you get started doing drag?

Donna: God, that was twenty years ago at least, in Toronto. I travelled with two female impersonation revues doing red-neck country bars and such. I never did drag in a gay bar until about nine years ago in Winnipeg, though.

ILLUSIONS: What attracted you to doing drag in the first place?

Donna: I love to sew. I enjoy the stage, but not drag itself so much as the

opportunity to create crazy, ridiculous outfits out of bedsheets, mattress covers, upholstery material or whatever and have Donna model them. That's the fun I have--but after six hours in heels my feet are killing me and I just want to scrape off my face with a putty knife.

ILLUSIONS: When you're Donna is there a side of your personality that comes out that you don't normally get to show?

Donna: I try to maintain the same personality whether I'm David or Donna. A lot of people claim that drag queens are bitchy, and I want to avoid that. Sometimes I get snobby, but fortunately I have close friends who will bring me down to earth when that gets out of line.

ILLUSIONS: What is the persona that you try to portray with Donna?

A trucker in a dress with a hoop skirt! I walk like a trucker in a pair of heels. I'm an entertainer. I like to bring a smile to people's faces. I don't dress to be a woman, I dress to portray a woman as satire. It's not a way of life, it's just a costume for me as an entertainer.

ILLUSIONS: What kind of changes or trends have you noticed over your twenty years of drag performing?

Donna: A lot of performers are trying to go to the more natural female look. We used to wear the most outrageous eyelashes we could find. They were like fans. You very seldom find performers wearing blue eyeshadow now, that's a no-no (right, Ty?). A lot of queens got away from wearing handmade dresses for a while, but are going back to them now because store-bought ones are so expensive. A lot of the spirit of fun has gone out of the performing for many people. They are too concerned about showing off their new gown or wig.

That's all well and good, but it's got to be fun. That's how the Court all got started. Have fun, enjoy yourself, and raise money for charity. It doesn't matter if you're the ugliest thing that just crawled out from underneath a tin can or the most raving beauty, I protect all my "girls" under one umbrella. They're all the very best, and if anybody has anything else to say about them, then let's see them put on a pair of heels and get on that stage and do what they do.

ILLUSIONS: Any comments about this latest craze of drag movies?

Donna: I think it's kind of fun. When I saw Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, I sat and laughed through the whole thing. Every comment and every incident reminded me of someone I've met along the way. It's great as long as they are doing it to awaken the public and not to laugh at the drag queens. There are some talented men around this country that can impersonate almost any female performer, and that isn't a lifestyle, it's an art, it's theatrics.

ILLUSIONS: What's with these crowns people are wearing nowadays? If they get any higher people are going to have to start wearing neck braces...

Donna: What's even funnier is to try and drive down the street with one on. I practically have to lay down across the seat when I'm in the car.

ILLUSIONS: How did you get involved with the ISCCA?

Donna: I've known about the court system for many years and liked the charity fund-raising aspect of it, but when I lived in Winnipeg there was no court to be a part of. About four years ago I moved to Calgary from Edmonton after being Miss Gay there and immediately became part of the Court here.

ILLUSIONS: What is the purpose of the court system?

Donna: The international court system is about thirty years old and started in San Francisco by Empress Josée. It's a

Chit Chat

charity business like Elks or Kiwanis. All our shows, shooter bars, draws, etc. are for charity, both gay charities and broader community causes like the Children's Wish Foundation, Avenue 15, etc.

ILLUSIONS: How did it spread?

Donna: From San Francisco they spread across the United States. Vancouver was the first court in Canada and will crown their 25th empress this year, I think. When a new court wants to start up it begins as a barony for the first year under the supervision of an established court. Once you show that you can run it in a business-like fashion, you become a full-fledged court with your own name. Our court here is known as the Imperial Sovereign Court of the Chinook Arch (ISCCA), for example.

ILLUSIONS: What is the relationship among all the courts across North America?

Donna: The Emperors and Empresses are like brothers and sisters and are considered to be of equal "rank". When one is stepping down, as many as possible try to attend that person's ball to support them. While there, we meet new emperors and empresses from elsewhere and try to encourage them to come to Calgary. The balls are the biggest fund-raisers of the year, so we try to promote our city as ambassadors to the other gay communities across North America. So far I've been to Missoula (Montana), Cincinnati, Edmonton, Regina, Portland, Toronto and Winnipeg, and over the next four months we'll hit Everett (Washington), Edmonton, Seattle, Vancouver, and Denver.

ILLUSIONS: What do all the titles mean?

Donna: The lifetime titles are, in descending order, Emperor and Empress; Prince and Princess; and Imperial Grand Duke and Imperial Grand Duchess. Those six titles form the Upper House. The Emperor and Empress are always elected; in some places the others are elected, too, but here they are appointed by the Emperor

and Empress. Everyone below the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess is part of the Lower House. These are all the camp titles like Archduke and Archduchess, Ladies in Waiting, Keepers of Whatever, Knights of the Round, etc. Those are given by the Emperor and Empress to recognize people who the Emperor and Empress feel are friends and will help to keep the Court going throughout the year by putting on shows, etc. The Upper House can't do it all.

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ILLUSIONS: How does the President (currently former Empress Ernestine) fit into that structure?

Donna: The President heads the Board of Directors, which is the business part of the Court. They are the ones who do all the administration required to run the Court. The Emperor and Empress are just the means used to be visible and raise funds. The board is elected at the Annual General Meeting right after the Ball each year.

ILLUSIONS: How does one get involved in the Court?

Donna: The only real pre-requisite

is to want to give back to your community. Membership costs \$5 a year and gives you the right to vote in the elections for the Board. You don't have to be a member to attend meetings as an observer, though, and of course it is not just the members, but the community at large that elects the Emperor and Empress.

ILLUSIONS: Can you explain the name of your House?

Donna: It's the House of Western Hospitality, Loose Change and Loonies. Billy, my Emperor, likes the Western image, so that's where that comes from, and of course Calgary is known for its hospitality. The "Loose Change and Loonies" was because people started throwing money at me during the campaign. That reminded us that last year when we did a Christmas show to raise money for the SHARP Foundation and AIDS Calgary I encouraged people to throw change and we got more than we normally get from paper money donations. After all, it's fun to throw money at the queen on stage!

ILLUSIONS: So loose change plays a big part in your charity drive this year...

Donna: Actually, it developed into two ideas. One is the penny dress. I vowed that when I open the Ball I will wear a dress covered in all the pennies I collect over the year. We will be selling tickets to raffle off that penny dress to some lucky gal and the proceeds should exceed the value of the pennies themselves. And as I said, the rest of the change all goes straight to our bank account for charity. So any time I'm on stage, feel free to empty your pockets or purses of all that small change--just don't chuck it at my head!

ILLUSIONS: Any messages you'd like to pass on to our members and readers?

Donna: I'd like to thank them for their support, which has been stronger this year than ever, and invite each and every one to our charity ball April 20, 1996, as well as to all our functions and meetings. They're always welcome. Thank you, Donna!

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TRANSVESTISM WITHIN A PARTNERSHIP OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILIES.

BY YVONNE SINCLAIR.

SECOND (REVISED) EDITION.... Continued from January Issue

4 I feel as if my trust has been broken and I have been let down.

Transvestism is a secretive thing and most transvestites find it difficult to bring themselves out into the open. Social attitudes can cause embarrassment, and he may feel that he will be letting himself down as a man in your eyes. You must understand that his fears that, on discovery, your relationship would deteriorate, and that there would be separation or divorce. It all adds to the fears of the transvestite's experience. It is not a betrayal of trust. He has no wish to bring any unnecessary conflict into the marriage. By keeping his transvestism from you he has not let you down; rather he has understood that you do not need any extra pressures in the everyday working relationship of your marriage. He felt that if he did so he would help to destroy the love of one human being for another. His main fear is that you will reject him, seeking a divorce.

The fact you have asked for outside help shows that, much as you feel let down, you are seeking some answers which might allow you to accept him for what he is; rather than what society feels that he should be.

His behaviour and habits have much to do with the reasons that you love him. Part of your own feelings for him are reflected in this, and in his understanding of you. Many of the things you love about him are there because he is a transvestite. His thoughts on the small intimate pleasures which you find appealing arise from his own understanding of what he would like, were he a woman by nature rather than a transvestite.

Often the frustrations that he feels, or

the moods of depression he suffers, are caused by the compulsion to dress. It has a sense of urgency which defies logical explanation; the compulsion creates tension, and relief is only obtained by dressing. If this is inhibited, then outwardly he shows some form of resentment. You may be seen as the indirect cause: you are wearing the clothes which society designates as female apparel. It can appear to the transvestite to be deliberate antagonism, though obviously you have no realization of this.

5 Am I reacting normally if I am disgusted or fail to understand?

Yes. Most people feel this sense of confusion when confronted with transvestism. Lack of understanding often causes a sense of disgust. You feel you have been cheated and let down by a person who is close to you. You feel that you have failed as a woman

Basically, your sense of disgust stems from the fact that the man that you married appears to have failed to live up to the image which society regards as masculinity. As a woman, you look to your partner for strength and security, shelter, protection, to be a father to his children, a provider for his family, and a lover to his wife. To have this aura of safety threatened, not as we expect, from the outside, but from within, can only give rise to uncertainty and worry. In modern society we accord and give roles which we are expected to play, with the sexual roles of both male and female set in the patterns which are regarded as 'normal', and we dress accordingly to identify the two opposite sexual images. However, no one person is fully male or fully

female. The fact is that we all have certain weaknesses, or admire the other's life role in the sexual image. Transvestism is a copy of society's image of dress; it does not mean weakness of character, nor is it a perversion; both men and woman are drawn to copy the opposite sex, and the trends of fashion often create an overlap. We admire women who show courage in the face of adversity because of the strength of character displayed; yet this is usually considered to be a male characteristic.

The transvestite generally acts in exactly the same way as the average man; both in his work role or in the pleasures of sport. Nor he effeminate in manner; that is not an image which he can project in male clothing, as he has an inbuilt fear that his secret life would be discovered and he would become an object of ridicule. By his outward portrayal of maleness he is able to heighten his enjoyment in dressing and acting out an image role of woman. Simply through the wearing of female clothes he is able to give freedom to project the softer, more gentle side of his nature

6 Am I at fault as a woman?

There is no point in trying to find blame in yourself. Transvestism is something created by the transvestite and not by those around him. There can be many reasons. He may feel admiration for women and a need to emulate them to the extent where he feels a sense of well being from dressing in their clothes. No-one is at fault. Although there may be strong sexual associations for him regarding female clothes and transvestism, that does not mean that you have failed to captivate him with your own femininity.

LETTERS

Dear Everyone at Illusions,

Here we are at the end of December and Xmas fast approaching.

I imagine that for all you girls that means lots of warm clothes and plenty of that Xmas spirit, "Bourbon," or maybe "Scotch." To me that sounds just wonderful, because you can usually bet on the Xmas over here being anywhere between 25 to 40 celsius. We have lots of salads and cold meats for lunch and dinner with a few ice cold beers to wash it down. Xmas night is now traditionally a cocktail party for my family, so if the beer or the heat doesn't knock you around, then the cocktails will. We like to have anyone come over for cocktails that night, especially people who have no family or friends to be with. In fact, I've made some good friends over the years from those nights.

But now I dream of one day spending Xmas in a place with lots of snow and roaring fireplaces telling stories and laughing merrily. You see, we all know how beautiful it gets there in Canada, U.S.A. and Europe during winter, because we've grown up watching Xmas T.V. specials. (no pun intended.)

You can almost smell the tall pines and the bite of the cold air on the tip of your nose, but I'm not sure if that's just good television or my imagination running away with me. There's only one way to be sure. Perhaps one day I'll get to meet you all and join in the fun and frivolity that I read about and love so much in the Illusions magazines.

So while you're warming up your little bodies with turkey and gravy, plum pudding and custard, with undoubtedly a few shots of bourbon or scotch, think of your sisters in the "Land of OZ" keeping cool in the shade and looking after their complexion.

Sincerely, Steffi Keller.

ILLUSIONS NOTE: Oops! This missed last issue...oh well....better late than never!

Dear Barbie,

I just wanted to say thanks again for opening up your shop to me on the day you were taking inventory, (Jan.2nd), I had been eagerly looking forward to coming in, shopping and looking through the library during the holidays and that particular day was the only one available for me. Your thoughtfulness was much appreciated.

You've probably heard this from your "out - of - towns" before; I really wish I lived closer so that I could come in on a regular basis, attend the functions and get to know more people, as well as help out a bit here and there. (I hope those who live in or around Calgary do appreciate what they have at hand!) Realistically though, it's just good to know that Illusions is there. The support is felt long - distance.

Sincerely, Andrea (from Speedy Creek)

Dear Illusions,
I realize, by the time this letter can be printed, it's going to be sorely late, but I just wanted to wish everyone at the club



a "Happy New Year". Christmas is over and another year has come and gone, but not without a lot of enjoyment over the months from the continued hard work and quality that goes into our magazine. I really appreciate it myself, as my distance from Calgary prohibits any chance of attending club socials on a regular basis. I always look forward to receiving my copy in the mail, as it helps make me feel more in touch with the people whom I can actually identify with.

I can't get over how lucky we all are, that there are people willing to spend their time to assist in putting it all together. My thanks to all of them, they know who they are.

I've been to the club socials twice now, Strangely enough both times were bingo nights, this year and last year. Honestly! it's just a timing thing, I'm really not that big on bingo, you've got to believe me!

But anyway, I had a great time on both occasions, and have walked away (reluctantly) with some warm feelings and some wonderful new acquaintances. Although we're only together for one night, I really miss the people I've met after I've headed back home, and the feeling lingers for long after.

"New Year's Resolution" - Get to Calgary more often! anyone know of a bingo night coming up? (Ha! Ha! Ha!) Anyway I'd like to wish everybody at the club all the luck, personal growth, and great new experiences that '96 can offer you, and hope to see you sometime in the not so distant future.

Take Care.... Bev, #327

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PSSST! WANT A FREE CROWN?

Want to be waited on hand and foot by adoring subjects? Given your weight in jewels and precious metals? Chauffered around in a stretch Mercedes? Well, then don't bother to read this. On the other hand, if you want a chance to really pitch in and help Illusions to continue its phenomenal growth, maybe you should consider running for Empress. Yes, it's hard to believe, but it's already time to start thinking about choosing our next leader.

If you're new to the club--or even if you aren't--you may be wondering what you have to do to be Empress. First, you have to get elected. Formally, this involves very little: announce your candidacy to Barbie & Christine by sometime in May, show up the night of the birthday party to do a performance and answer some questions, and then hope you get more votes than any other candidate. Even one more is enough, as I proved last year, so I guess you should probably also vote for yourself.

The more difficult question to answer is, what do you have to do if you end up with the crown? There is no job description and no constitution to guide you, so each Empress has tailored her role to the club's stage of development and her own interests and circumstances. At a minimum Empress VI will have to chair the Social Committee, undertake to attend most of the socials, submit a regular Throne Speech article to the magazine, and organize the Pride Parade entry for the next Empress.

Beyond that, however, she will have to make a lot of personal decisions about how best to serve the club. I have tried to do this by developing our relationships with

other community organizations and resource people, by raising our profile through participation in community events, performances and media coverage, by baring my secrets--both personal and technical--in magazine articles, by making myself available to all club members, and by setting an example in volunteering to do some of the less glamorous work that needs doing around the club (cleaning the bathroom, for example). The next Empress will no doubt have different interests, talents, priorities and personal circumstances than me and will no doubt carve out a niche of her own. She will also enjoy the support of our growing "alumni" of past royalty, who have helped me out in many ways. So while the job may get bigger, so will the amount of support the incumbent will receive. Do you have what it takes to be our next Empress? If you are truly dedicated to advancing this club and all it stands for, you do, and I hope you'll give it a shot.



WHO SAYS ECONOMISTS ARE BORING?

Since 1980, economic historian Donald McCloskey has been a professor at the University of Iowa and a champion of feminist economics. "Nothing, however, quite prepared U.S. colleagues for his appearance at the annual convention of the American Economics Association--in a red dress and wig," says The Independent. Professor McCloskey, who now wishes to be known as Deirdre, has divorced his wife and had a sex change. The author of 20 books on economics has produced an article for the Eastern Economic Journal, titled "Some news that at least will not bore you."

(from *The Globe and Mail*, February 26, 1996, p. A24)

OBSERVATIONS OF THE 2ND PRINCESS - JACQUI

I'm about to tackle a sensitive subject, based on some observations I made at outside events last summer and fall. The subject is crossdressers' behaviour when "*en femme*".

On at least three different occasions at public events, I overheard genetic females complaining about males using the ladies washroom and leaving it in stereotypical male fashion. (i.e. toilet seat up, and mess around the sink.)

It occurs to me that in the past year, crossdressers have achieved some unprecedented acceptance from the public at large. Witness the number of popular movies and television shows that deal with the subject. Also, remember how we were accepted when we ventured out to the Uptown Theatre and Avenue Restaurant. Check out the public's reaction to the conference in the Rockies.

Lets not jeopardize these significant gains by forgetting to act like ladies. This goes beyond washroom behaviour. The teenager who wants to make a statement by dyeing his hair green and spiking it, and by having various parts of his face pierced, does draw attention to himself - but, rather than accepting, the general public derides and mocks such an individual. Whether we like it or not, society's norms don't change overnight. If we want acceptance as ladies, we must dress and act the part according to society's perception of what a lady is.

That's "The Way I See It"

Jacqui.

NUGGETS FROM THE GOLDMINE OF USELESS INFORMATION.

One of history's more famous cross dressers, "Bonnie Prince Charlie", when he was escaping from the Redcoats, disguised as a maid, of Flora Macdonald (not related to Ronald Macdonald and definitely not a progressive conservative) on the treacherous journey over to the island of Skye found himself in a bit of a predicament when water started coming into the boat. What did our lad that was born to be King do, he decided he would let the water out, by removing the plug from the bottom of the boat. At that Flora Macdonald was heard to say to the young pretender, that he may not have been a prince, he certainly wasn't 'bonnie', but he was most assuredly a proper "Bloody Charlie".

A few years back, when Barbie had only been operating the new store for a few months, a customer came in claiming to be a transsexual, at about 6' - 2" in height and approximately 210 pounds, he was completely convinced that once he commenced therapy and hormone treatment, he would be able to fit into clothing of Barb's size within about six months.

If we could only discover what the mystery hormone was, wonder if it will remove tattoos as well?

Under the category of "Illusions Moments in History," the group photograph of the second Birthday "Royalty Entourage" 2nd Princess Karen is best remembered by the marvellous shot of wide open mouth and in depth view of tonsils, this is not exactly what we had in mind when we talk about the deep throat technique. You can usually take her anywhere, the second time is usually to apologize. Rumour has it, she has promised to at least remain awake during future group picture situations.

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SEXUAL ORIENTATION LAW: WHO CARES?

by Teri

On February 23, 1996, the Alberta Court of Appeal reversed a lower court's ruling that had required the provincial government to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation under the Individual Rights Protection Act. This decision, which is likely to be appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada, makes it all the more pressing to urge the Federal government to end its footdragging on the long-promised introduction of legislation to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Why should crossdressers, most of whom are straight, be concerned about this issue, which is generally identified as one of "gay rights"? Well, first of all, this is not a decision to extend special protection to homosexuals. It would simply provide that no person could be fired, evicted, or whatever, solely because of their sexual orientation. The most obvious beneficiary might well be the gay community, but crossdressers would also presumably be protected. In fact, even "plain vanilla" heterosexuals would benefit: for example, a gay bar could not refuse to hire a waiter or waitress simply because he or she was not gay. Anyone, straight, gay, or whatever, could still be fired, evicted, refused adoption privileges, or whatever, for just cause.

The first reason for supporting new legislation is thus simple self-interest. There are at least two others, however.

Our club has benefited greatly from our relationship with the gay community. We attend their events, frequent their clubs, and, increasingly, have become active participants in the alternative world



they have developed here in Calgary. We owe it to that community to support measures that will help to end discrimination. The most important reason, though, is the simplest. It's just the right thing to do. It's not legal to fire someone because they're black or Jewish; why should it be legal to do so because of who they sleep with?

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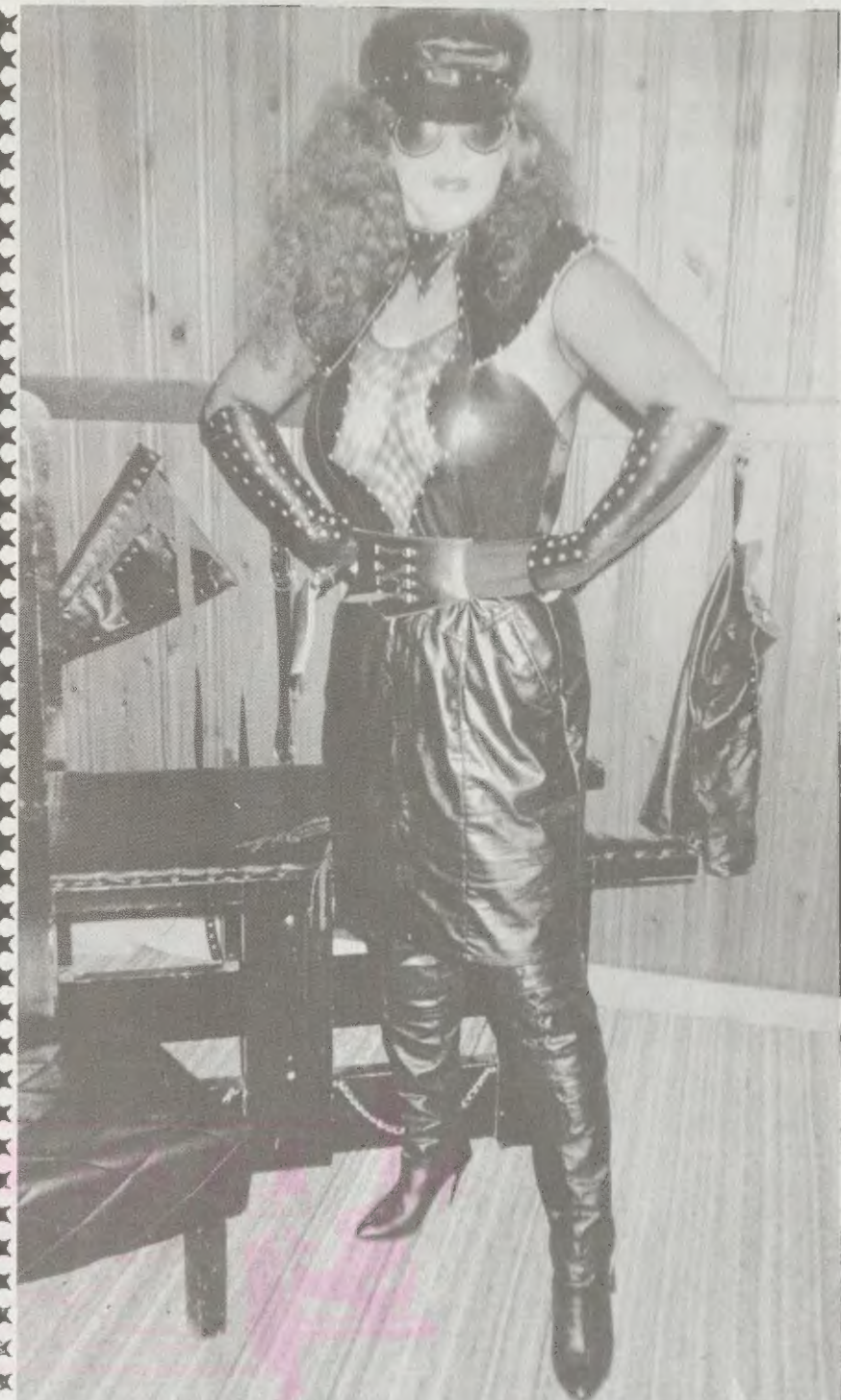
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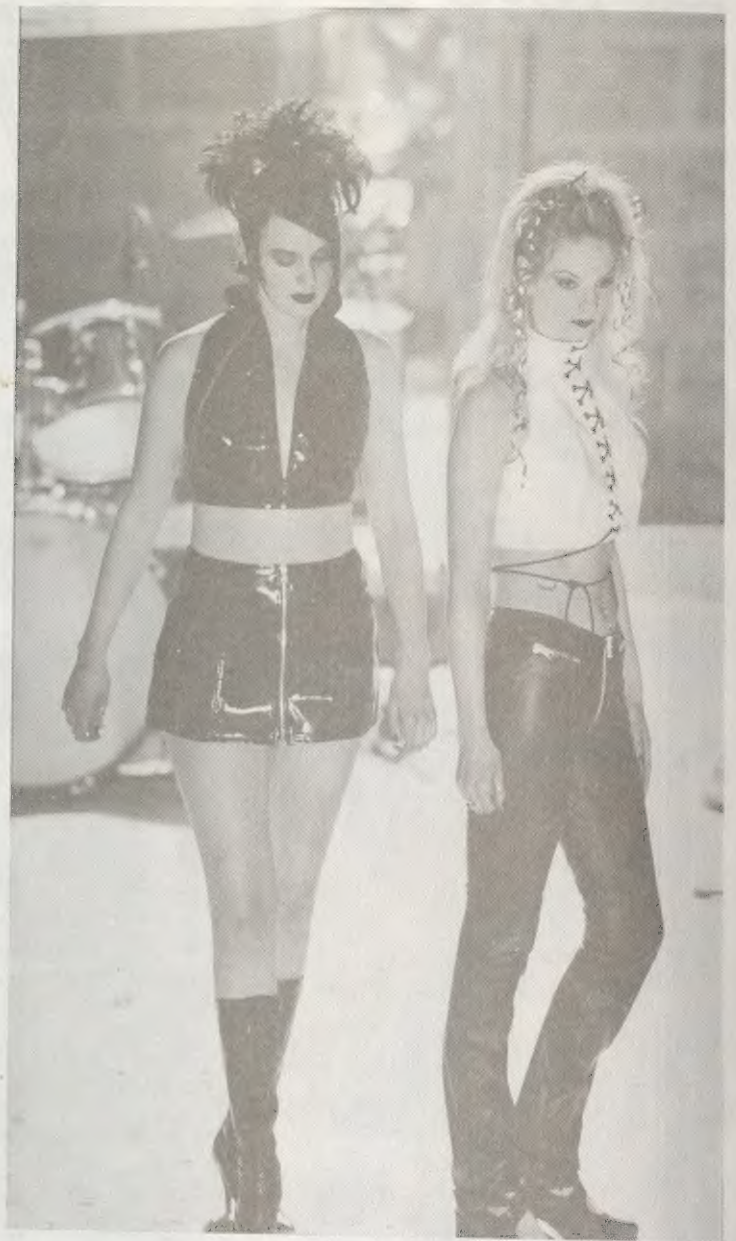

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